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For Pearl City, Ewa Mill and Way Station—7:30 a. m., 8:15 a. m., 11:05 a. m., 2:15 p. m., 3:20 p. m., 5:15 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m.
For Wahiawa—8:15 a. m. and 5:15 p. m.

INWARD.
Arrive Honolulu from Kahuku, Waiolua and Waianae—8:36 a. m., 5:31 p. m.
Arrive in Honolulu from Ewa Mill and Pearl City—7:45 a. m., 8:36 a. m., 10:25 a. m., 1:10 p. m., 4:31 p. m., 5:31 p. m., 7:30 p. m.
Arrive Honolulu from Wahiawa—8:36 a. m. and 5:31 p. m.

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† Ex. Sunday.
‡ Sunday Only.
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The BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance

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(Continued)

Kirkwood made no answer. Chueking, Stryker went on deck. In the course of an hour the American followed him. The Alethea was within the wide jaws of the western Scheldt. Kirkwood approached the captain, who, acting as his own pilot, was standing by the wheel and barking sharp orders to the helmsman. "Have you a Bradshaw on board?" asked the young man. "Steady!" This to the man at the wheel; then to Kirkwood, "We're that, we're that?" Kirkwood repeated his question. Stryker eyed him suspiciously for a thought. "What do you want it for?"

"I want to see when I can get a boat back to England."

"It isn't! Yes, you'll find a Bradshaw in the port locker, near the forward bulkhead. Run along now and get it, and mind you don't get lost out the portholes to myke pyper boats to go sylin' in."

Kirkwood went below, found the designated locker and, opening it, saw first to his hand the familiar bulky red volume. The strap removed, the book opened easily, as if by force of habit, at the precise table he had wished to consult. Some previous client had left a marker between the pages—and not an ordinary bookmark by any manner of means. Kirkwood gave utterance to a little gasp of amazement and instinctively glanced up at the companionway to see if he were observed.

He was not, but for safety's sake he moved further back into the cabin and out of the range of vision of any one on deck—a precaution which was almost immediately justified by the clumping of heavy feet upon the steps as Stryker descended in pursuit of the ever essential drink.

"Find it?" he demanded, staring blindly with eyes not yet focused to the change from light to gloom at the young man, who was sitting with the guide upon his knees, a tightly clenched fist resting on the transom at either side of him.

"I'm right," Kirkwood said, affirmative. Kirkwood did not look up. "You must have," commented the captain, making for the seductive locker.

"A—what?" "A howl, readin' that fine print there in the dark. We don't you go over to the light? I'll have to have them shutters taken off the windows."

"I'm all right," Kirkwood went on studying the book.

Stryker swung off his rum and wiped his lips with the back of a red nap, hesitating a moment to watch his guest.

"Mykes it seem more 'omelike for you, I expect," he observed.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Bradshaw's first cousin to a halmannack, ain't 'e? Can't get one."

Stryker swung off his rum and wiped his lips with the back of a red nap, hesitating a moment to watch his guest.

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before him—hair of gold massed above the forehead of snow, curling in adorable tendrils at the nape of her neck, lips like scarlet splashed upon the immaculate whiteness of her skin, head poised audaciously in its spirited, youthful allure, dark eyes smiling the least trace sadly beneath the level brows.

Unquestionably the handkerchief was hers. If proof other than the assurance of his heart were requisite he had it in the initial delicately embroidered in one corner—a D, for Dorothy!

Quivering with excitement, he bent again over the book and studied it intently. After all, he had not been wrong! He could assert now, without fear of refutation, that Stryker had lied.

Some one had wielded an industrious pencil on the page. It was, taken as a whole, fruitful of clues. Its very leading was illuminating. "London to Vilshingen (Flushing and Breda)," which happened to be the quickest and most direct route between London and Antwerp. Beneath it, in the second column from the right, the pencil had put a check mark against "Queensborough—dep—11:10."

And now he saw it clearly. Dolt that he had been not to have divined it ere this! The Alethea had run in to Queensborough, landing her passengers there that they might make connection with the 11:10 morning boat for Flushing, the very side-wheel steamer doubtless which he had noticed beating out in the teeth of the gale just after the brigantine had picked him up.

A third check had been placed against the train for Amsterdam scheduled to leave Antwerp at 6:32 p. m. Momentarily his heart misgave him when he saw this in four last Calendar and Dorothy should have gone on from Antwerp the previous evening, but then he rallied, discovering that the boat train from Flushing did not arrive at Antwerp till after 10 at night, and there was no later train thence for Amsterdam. Were the latter truly their purposed destination they would have stayed overnight and be leaving that very evening on the 6:32. On the other hand, why should they wait for the latest train rather than proceed by the first available in the morning?

Why but because Calendar and Dorothy were to wait for Stryker to join them on the Alethea?

Very well, then. If the wind held and Stryker knew his business, there would be another passenger on that train in addition to the Calendar party. Making mental note of the fact that the boat train for Flushing and London was scheduled to leave Antwerp daily at 8:21 p. m., Kirkwood restored the guide to the locker lest inadvertently the captain should pick it up and see what Kirkwood had seen.

An hour later he went on deck. The skies had blown clear, and the brigantine was well in land bound waters and still footing a rattling pace. Antwerp was in sight.

A troublesome care stirring in his mind, Kirkwood looked round the deck, but Stryker was very busy, entirely too preoccupied with the handling of his ship to be interrupted with impunity. Besides, there was plenty of time.

Up past the dockyards, where spidery masts stood in dense groves about painted funnels and masts swarmed over huge wharfs like ants over a crust of bread; up and round the final great sweeping bend of the river, the Alethea made her sooty way, ever with greater slowness, until at length in the rose glow of a flawless evening her windlass began to clank like a mad thing and her anchor bit the river bed near the left bank between old Forts Isabelle and Tete de Flandre, frowned upon from the right by the grim pile of the age old Steen castle.

Kirkwood sought Stryker, his earling query ready on his lips, but the captain impatiently waved him aside. "Don't you bother me now, me lad jake. Wyte until I gets done with the custom officer."

Stryker, smiling benignly and massaging his lips with the back of his hand, followed the official on deck, nodded to Kirkwood an intimation that he was prepared to accord him an audience and stroled forward to the waist. The American, mastering his resentment, meekly followed. One cannot well afford to be naughty when one is asking favors.

Advancing to the rail, the captain whistled in one of the river boats, then, while the waterman waited, faced his passenger.

"Now, yer ryal 'ighness, wot can I do for you afore you goes ashore?"

"I think you must have forgotten," said Kirkwood quietly. "I hate to trouble you, but—there's that matter of 14."

Stryker's face was expressive only of mystified vacuity. "Four quid? I dunno as I know just wot you means."

"You agreed to advance me 14 on those things of mine."

"Owt?" Illumination overspread the hollow jowled countenance. Stryker smiled cheerfully. "Garn with you!" he chuckled. "You will 'ave yer little joke, wot? You, now? I declare I never see loony with such affect-shall, playful wyes!"

Kirkwood's eyes narrowed. "Stryker," he said steadily, "give me the 14 and let's have no more nonsense or else hand over my things at once."

"Daffy," Stryker told vacancy, with conviction. "Lor' luv me if I sees 'ow he ever 'ad sense enough to eschape. Wy, yer majesty," and he bowed, ironic, "I 'ave given you yer quid."

"Just about as much as I gave you that pearl pin," retorted Kirkwood hotly. "What do you mean?"

"Wy, yer ladsnip, 14 jus' pyes yer passaye. But I can come across by steamer for 20 shillings, first class."

"My passaye? But I can come across by steamer for 20 shillings, first class."

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"Aw, but them steamers! Tricky, they is, an' unsyfe. No, yer grace, the W. Stryker Packet line, limited, London to Antwerp, charges 14 per passaye an' no reduction for return fare."

Stunned by his effrontery, Kirkwood stared in silence.

"Any complaints?" continued the captain, looking over Kirkwood's head, "must be lyde afore the board of directors in writin' not more'n thirty dyes after!"

"You d—d scoundrel!" interpolated Kirkwood thoughtfully.

Stryker's mouth closed with a snap; his features froze in a cast of wrath; cold rage glinted in his small blue eyes. "Wy," he belovored, "you bloom in loomthe dyes think you an eye that to Bill Stryker on 'is own vessel!"

He hesitated a moment, then launched a heavy fist at Kirkwood's face. Unsurprised, the young man sidestepped, caught the hand, bony wrist as the captain lunched by, following his twisted fist laid him flat on his back with a sounding thump upon the deck. And as the infuriated scamp rose, which he did with a bound that placed him on his feet and in defensive posture as though the deck had been a springboard, Kirkwood leaped back, seized a captain bar and faced him with a challenge.

"Stand clear, Stryker!" he warned the man tensely, himself vivid with rage. "If you move a step closer I swear I'll knock the head off your shoulders! Not another inch, you contemptible whelp, or I'll brain you! That's better," he continued as the

captain, caving, dropped his fists and moved unceasingly back. "Now give that boatman money for taking me ashore. Yes, I'm going, and if we ever meet again take the other side of the way, Stryker!"

Without response, a grim smile wreathing his thin, hard lips, Stryker thrust one hand into his pocket and, withdrawing a coin, tossed it to the waiting boatman, whereupon Kirkwood backed warily to the rail, abandoned the captain bar and dropped over the side.

Nodding to the boatman, "The Steen landing—quickly," he said in French. Stryker, recovering, advanced to the rail and waved him a derisive bon voyage.

"By-by, yer hexcellency. I 'ope it may soon be my pleasure to meet you again. You've been a real privilege to know. I've enjoyed yer company somethin' immense. Don't know as I ever met such a ripplin', ay No. 1, all round, cuterlynd' as afore!"

Rapidly as he was ferried across the busy Scheldt, the white blaze of Kirkwood's passion cooled, but the biting irony of his estate ate, corrosive, into his soul. Hollow eyed he glared vacantly into space, pale lips unmoving, his features wasted with despair.

They came to the landing stage and swung broadside on. Mechanically the American got up and disembarked. As he stepped onto the quay and moved up the gangway and so gained the esplanade, where, pausing, he thrust a trembling hand into his trousers pocket.

The hand reappeared, displaying in its outspread palm three big, round, brown, British pennies. Staring down at them, Kirkwood's lips moved.

"Bedrock!" he whispered huskily.

CHAPTER XIX.

WITHOUT warning or preface the still evening air was

Suited and made softly unusual by the pealing of a distant chime calling vespers to its brethren in Antwerp's hundred bellfries. Like the beating of a mighty heart heard through the rushing clamor of the pulses, a single deep throated bell boomed solemnly six heavy, rumbling strokes.

Six o'clock! Kirkwood roused out of his dour brooding. The Amsterdam express would leave at 6:32, and he knew not from what station.

Striding swiftly across the promenade, he entered a small tobacconist shop and made inquiry of the proprietress. His command of French was tolerable. He experienced no difficulty in comprehending the good woman's instructions.

(To Be Continued)

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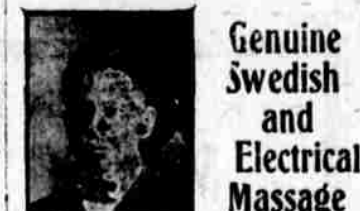
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